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# The Pillory Scuffle ;

O R,

## The Bloody Battle at Charing-crofs.



**T**HERE's never scarce a *Party-Martyr*,  
But what produces *Blood and Slaughter*,  
And Men fall out, they *know not why*,  
But some for *Low-Church*, some for *High* ;  
As if *Religion* was intended  
For *Ills*, that can't be comprehended ;  
Or that the *Low* and *Orthodox*,  
By *Apostolick Blows* and *Knocks*,  
Should prove which *Party* was the better,  
As *Pedants* do, by *Word* or *Letter*.

When *MIST* did mount before the *'Change*,  
No *Salutations* ( which is *strange* ! )  
No *Hands* officious strove to greet him  
With *Presents* that did not befit him :  
Some shook their *Heads*, and some in *Pity*  
Proclaim'd his *Praises* through the *City* ;  
And when his *Head* was loos'd from *Sphere*,  
Loud *Acclamations* fill'd the *Air*.

But when at *Charing-Crofs* he stood,  
Near which *King Charles* did lose his *Blood*,  
We hear that *Hir'd Wretches* meant  
To shew us what's a *Wh—sh Saint* ;  
And those stout *Champions*, in *Half-Pay*,  
Threw, what they should have *Eat*, away ;  
As tho' their *Pockets* were not empty,  
Or *New-Lay'd Eggs* were very *Plenty*.

Thus when the *Rostrum* he had mounted,  
A dismal *Reck'ning* to be counted,  
They cry'd *King George*, to trump their *Cause*,  
While they wou'd contradict his *Laws* :  
The pleasing *Eccho* did resound,  
*King George*, *King George*, did then abound ;  
When *Parties*, in a nice *Phalanx*,  
In *Order* plac'd themselves in *Ranks*.

Not *Homer*, when *Troy's Fate* he sung,  
Could paint the *Humours* of the *Throng* ;  
Nor really could their *Valour* tell,  
Which those bright *Heroes* knew so well :  
*Clubs* against *Clubs* (not *Spears* 'gainst *Spears*)  
While *Blood* did trickle down their *Ears* ;

Which did foretell the *Loss* of *Brains*,  
They so much wanted, for their *Pains*.

Those, arm'd with *Staff*, amidst such *Actions*,  
Like *Marshals*, saw these strange *Transactions* ;  
Saw, (contrary to *Law* and *Reason*)

Ev'n thro' a *Mist*, what's near to *Treason* ;  
As some at *Sal'sbury-Court* were *Hang'd-for*,  
And such as these were handsome *Bang'd-for*.

For those fam'd *Hir'd Worthies* scamper'd  
Thro' *Fear* of worse, or being hamper'd ;  
While some were *Hous'd* in *Limbo* rare,  
As *Prisoners* of a *Civil War*,  
To know by what *Authority*,  
They dare to give the *Law* the *Lye*.

Strange *Doings*, when Men supersede  
The *Law*, or give *Law Cause* to plead !  
For why, tho' *Creatures* are so palted,  
When upon *State-Machine* exalted ;  
Yet there is *Diff'rence* 'twixt a *Cheat*,  
And one that *Pris'ner* is of *State*.

Thus *MIST* was one, altho' he fell,  
His *Virtues* all the *World* can tell :  
He might have err'd, like other *Men* ;  
Or told the *Truth*, and pray what then ?  
But those who take an *Opp'rtunity*,  
Ought never for to meet *Impunity*.

So oft we see those treach'rous *Elves*,  
That seek *Mens Ruin*, fall themselves ;  
As those who did throw *Eggs* or *Stones*,  
Were made *Raw Heads* and *Bloody Bones*.  
Neither *Religion*, nor the *Laws*,  
Will vindicate their wicked *Cause*.

Mean time, let Men all loyal prove,  
And, without *Madness*, shew their *Love* :  
No *Government* will think those *Friends* :  
Who prosecute their own *Bye-Ends* :  
But may the *Church* for ever thrive,  
And those who keep its *Cause* alive ;  
And then the *State* and *England's Crown*  
Will e'er be had in high *Renown*.